# *Miscellanea Sacra.*

CONTAINING

Scriptural Meditations,

Divine Breathings,

Occasional Reflections, *and*

Sacred Poems.

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*Non paranda solum nobis ea, sed fruenda etiam est sapientia.* Cic.

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BIBLIOTECA

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# The PREFACE.

ONE *of the Ancients giving an Account of the Life of Man, said it was (or at least ought to be)* Μελέτη Θανάτου, a MEDITATION of DEATH: *He should rather have said*, a Meditation of another Life, *tho' I suppose he*

*meant it not of Death in it* **ſelf,** *but as it tranſmits us to a* **Better Life** *beyond it. But alas! how few are there that exerciſe their Thoughts upon ſuch a Subject! ſince the generality of Men do live* **tanquam ſemper victuri,** *as though they were to live here* **always,** *or rather as if they thought their Souls and Bodies ſhould* **periſh together**

*with-*

*without the hopes of a Resurrection. And tho'* Life and Immortality be brought to light by the Gospel, *yet even the Professors of it do too little exercise their minds in such Contemplations. Sometimes perhaps the Crosses and Troubles they meet with here below, may force their thoughts upwards, and induce them to think on that uninter-*

*rupted Peace and Felicity they expect hereafter; but this is usually but* **Momentanea Philosophia,** *Calvin. and they presently return to their former course of minding earthly things. And which is the strangest of all, those that have some good Assurance of an Interest in a future Life of Blessedness, and have experienced the* Comfortable Be-

gin-

ginnings *of it here, yet as they too ſeldom employ their thoughts about it, ſo they are too often unwilling to depart hence, that they may enter in and poſſeſs it. I know if one ſhould come to any of them, and ask them,* If they be willing to go to Heaven? *they would preſently anſwer,* Yes, with all their hearts! *but if Death look them in*

*the Face in a fit of Sickneſs or ſome other eminent Danger, then they recoil, and entertain the thoughts of it with great reluctancy; then Heaven is beſieged with earneſt and repeated Prayers for their Deliverance, and if their Requeſts be granted, and their Lives continued, notwithſtanding the proneneſs of Men to Ingratitude and forgetfulneſs of God's Mercies,*

*Mercies, yet usually upon this Occasion they are very free and hearty in their acknowledgments.*

*This is a thing I have sometimes wondred at in Serious Christians, who have profess'd themselves to be* Strangers and Pilgrims here, *and* to seek a better Country, *and yet could look upon the continuance of their* Exile *in a World*

*full of* Sin *and* Sorrow, *as ſo great a Mercy. As if they ſhould ſay*, Lord, we bleſs and praiſe thy Name that thou haſt not yet made us perfectly happy; we admire thy Goodneſs and Mercy towards us in lengthning out our Exile and Bondage, and continuing us a little longer abſent from

from thy Self. Thou mighteſt ere this have brought us to a full enjoyment of thy Self in unſpeakable Bliſs and Glory. Thou mighteſt ere this have brought us into a ſtate of perfect Purity and Holineſs, where we ſhould no more have diſobey'd thy Righteous Laws, no more have

have grieved thy HOLY SPIRIT, no more have abuſed thy Grace, but have been equally capable of Serving and Enjoying Thee to perfection. But thou haſt been graciouſly pleaſed to continue us a little longer in this Vale of Sin and Miſery, where we ſhall ſtill be expos'd to

to the Temptations of Satan, and frequently be overcome by them; where we ſhall ſtill be over-born by our own Corruptions, & by our Sins often provoke thee to Anger againſt us; where we ſhall ſtill feel the effects of our Sins and of thy Diſpleaſure for them in thoſe

thoſe many troubles and afflictions we ſhall meet with as long as we continue here, and out of which thou haſt given us hopes that thou wilt not yet deliver us, &c. *But how* unſuitable *is this to the* Profeſſion *that is generally made of* deſiring to depart, and to be with Chriſt, which

which is far better! *And tho' some may think this too uncharitable an Interpretation of such Addresses, which are usually worded in such terms as renders them much more plausible both to themselves and others; yet if Christians did but seriously consider the deceitfulness of their own Hearts, and how much of the* Love *of* Life *and of* Earthly

*things*

*things remains unmortified in the beſt of Men, it would make them ready to ſuſpect the moſt plauſible excuſes for their deſires of Long Life. Among which there is none of more ſeeming weight than their unpreparedneſs for Death: to which I Anſwer, that the Perſons I am ſpeaking to are ſuppos'd to be already (at leaſt in ſome good meaſure) prepared for it; or elſe*

*it*

*it would indeed be raſhneſs & preſumption to deſire to leave this World when they are not qualified for being happy in another. But thoſe that have experienc'd a real work of Grace upon their hearts, that have found in their own Souls thoſe Primitiæ Regni, the Sanctifying Operations of the holy Spirit, 'tis impoſſible for them to miſcarry. Such ſouls have a natural Tendency*

& Inclination *towards Heaven, both in Life and at Death, and cannot miſs of it. But if they ſay, they deſire time to be* further *prepared for ſo great a Change, I grant that we cannot indeed be too well prepared for that ſtate wherein we are to be for ever; and therefore it does highly concern every one to improve the time of Life allotted to them to*

*the*

*the best advantage, and to make themselves as ready as they can; yet I would desire them to consider that such is the bewitching Nature of this World, that the* **longer** *we live in it, the more* **unwilling** *we are to leave it; and that length of time will not only increase our* **Graces**, *but also discover our* **Corruptions**, *so that whatever*

*ever we are in* reality, *we ſhall always be unready in our* apprehenſions, *and perhaps more hereafter than at preſent.*

*To perſwade therefore my ſelf and others to be content to leave a* ſinful *and* miſerable *World, and willing to be perfectly* holy *and eternally* happy, *was the deſign of compoſing the enſuing* Miſcellanies, *which were*

*were written at ſeveral times, and are now ſelected out of many others on different Subjects: and if they may be any ways ſerviceable to this end, I ſhall not altogether repent of their Publication.*

THE

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Scriptural

# SCRIPTURAL
# Meditations.

*O quàm contempta res est Homo, nisi supra humana se erexerit!* Sen.

*-----Tentanda via est, quâ me quoque possim*
*Tollere humo.-----*

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# Meditations

# SCRIPTURAL MEDITATIONS.

## MATTH. VI. 21.

*For where your Treasure is, there will your Hearts be also.*

BLUSH and be ashamed, O my Soul, that thou art such a Stranger to a Heavenly Life: That thou should'st be so careful and sollicitous about the things of this *World*, and so regardless of the affairs of Heaven, and the concerns of *Eternity*. Dost thou believe thou hast a *Treasure*

in Heaven, why then is not thy *Heart* there alſo? How is it that thou doſt ſo ſeldom think on it? but thy mind is continually running upon Earthly Vanities. Doſt thou pretend to be a *Stranger* and a *Pilgrim* on Earth, and yet art thou for building *Tabernacles*, and wilt thou ſay (or at leaſt think) *It is good to be here?* Doſt thou pretend to be *travelling* to a better Country, and wilt thou never think *whither* thou art going, nor ſpend a thought on thy Journey's *end?* Doſt thou believe that Chriſt is gone before to prepare a *Manſion* for thee, and would it not do well by a Holy Contemplation to go and ſee whether thou ſhalt like thy Dwelling? Surely it would be worth the while to aſcend the Mount and take a view of the

Heavenly

Heavenly *Canaan*. How would it make thee long to be there, and be willing to do or ſuffer any thing ſo thou maiſt have a part in the Inheritance of thoſe that are ſanctified? How would it make thee *deſpiſe* the *World*, and all the *Honours*, *Profits*, and *Pleaſures* of it? How *little* would they then appear in thine eyes! How *light* would all Afflictions ſeem when thou knoweſt that they will work out for thee *ſuch* an exceeding weight of Glory? How patiently would'ſt thou bear them, and be fully ſatisfied with this, That *Heaven* will make amends for all.

LORD bring me out of this *worſe* than *Egyptian* Slavery and Bondage; this bondage to *Sin* and *Satan*; this *Sodom*, out of which I am ſo loath to depart; and let

me escape to the *Mountains*. Let me no more long after the *Fleshpots* of *Egypt*, but let me taste the sweetness of Spiritual *Manna*. Oh that I could sometimes go (with the *Spies*) to search the *Promised Land*, and cut down a Cluster of Grapes at the Brook *Eshcol*, which would make me long for the full Vintage. Lord help me to set my affections on *things above*, and not on things on earth. Alas! what is there here that deserves a heart? And what heart does not owe all its Love to thee? Lord grant that I may say from my very heart, *Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire in comparison of thee.* Be thou my Portion, and the Lot of my Inheritance, and I may well say, *The lines are fallen*

*to*

*to me in pleaſant places, and I have a goodly heritage.* And grant that now at length I may lay up for my ſelf a *Treaſure* in *Heaven*, and then *my Heart will be there alſo.*

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## PHILIP. I. 23.

*For I am in a ſtrait betwixt two, having a deſire to depart, and to be with Chriſt, which is far better.*

WHAT is there in this World that ſhould make us ſo loath to leave it? Is *Vanity* and *Vexation* of Spirit ſo *Deſirable*? And there is nothing elſe to be found here. Nothing but *cares* and *troubles*, *wants* and *loſſes*, *croſſes* and *diſappointments* to be met with

in this Life. That which we call *Contentment*, how often do we ſeek and hunt after it in vain? And no wonder, ſince we ſeek for it where it is not to be found. We are apt to think 'tis in *ſuch* or *ſuch* an Enjoyment, and all our endeavours are bent to gain that, and we fondly think, Oh if we had but *ſuch* a thing, then we ſhould be *happy!* Whereas if God be pleaſed to grant our deſires, we often find thoſe very Enjoyments which appeared ſo *Charming*, to be *empty* of that Comfort we expected in them, or elſe ſo many Croſſes do attend them, as *imbitters* all the ſweetneſs that is in them. And after all this, we muſt *part* with them, and the *Grief* and *Sorrow* which attends the *Loſs* of them is uſually *greater* and *longer* than the

the *pleaſure* we enjoyed in them.

WHO then would ſet their hearts upon the Comforts, the *empty*, *fading*, *periſhing* Comforts and Enjoyments of this Life, and not rather deſire to *depart*, and to *be with Chriſt*, which is *far better*? The Joys of Heaven are *real* and *ſubſtantial*, *full* and *ſatisfactory*, *pure* and *unmixed*, *conſtant* and *immortal*. *There* all *tears* ſhall be wip'd away from our eyes, and *ſorrow* and *ſighing* ſhall flee away and be heard of no more for ever. *There* we ſhall be free from all *pains* and *ſickneſſes* of *body*, and all *trouble* and *perplexity* of *mind*. *There* we ſhall be free from all the *temptations* of the World, the Fleſh, and the Devil. *There* we ſhall be free from all *Sin*, and the fears of God's *diſpleaſure* for it. *There* we ſhall

meet with all our *Friends* and *Relations* that are gone before us; *there* we ſhall *meet* and never *part* again. But above all, *there* we ſhall *be with Chriſt*, which is far better than all, and in him enjoy unſpeakable, unconceivable Bliſs and Happineſs to all Eternity.

LORD grant that as I do, or at leaſt ought to *deſire* to depart, ſo I may be alſo *ready*, that whenſoever thou comeſt, thou maiſt find me watching, and ſay unto me, Well done! Enter into thy Maſter's Joy.

JOHN

## JOHN XIV. 22.

*Lord! how is it that thou wilt manifeſt thy ſelf unto us, and not unto the World?*

WELL might the Diſciples wonder at this condeſcending and diſtinguiſhing Love of their Lord and Maſter. And yet his *Promiſe* immediately before (as alſo his *Prayer* afterwards) was not deſign'd to reſpect *them* only, but *all that ſhall believe in him through their word.* *He that hath my Commandments,* (ſaith he) *and keepeth them,* (whoſoever he be to the World's end) *he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me, ſhall be loved of my Father, and I will*

*will love him, and will manifeſt my ſelf unto him.* I will ſhew him my Glory *now* in ſome meaſure, and I will pray the Father that he may be with me and ſee my Glory *hereafter*. I will not only *Love* him, but I will *manifeſt* that Love to him, and let him ſee and feel it, and the happy effects of it. And is this the manner of Men to deal ſo familiarly with their Servants? And is it not much more wonderful that the Lord of Life and Glory ſhould ſo far condeſcend as to reveal himſelf to poor deſpicable Worms! Have we not reaſon to cry out with the *Pſalmiſt, Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the ſon of man, that thou viſiteſt him?*

But this is not all; for this is a *peculiar* favour to his Choſen. He

He is pleas'd to manifeſt himſelf to *them*, and not unto the *World*. Unto them he turns the bright ſide of the Cloud, while others, like the *Egyptians*, are in darkneſs. *To you* (ſays he) *it is given to know the Myſteries of the Kingdom of Heaven, but to others it is not given.* Oh, how may we admire this diſtinguiſhing Love of our Divine Redeemer! and how may we (how can we but) rejoyce in it! As he once ſaid to his Diſciples, *I have meat to eat which ye know not of*; So may we ſay to the World, We have Spiritual Comforts to feed and feaſt our Souls with, which you know not of. No, our Joys are ſuch as *Strangers* do not *intermeddle* with. 'Tis not only *Propriety*, but *Peculiarity* which adds ſweetneſs to all our Enjoy-

Enjoyments, and both are here. *We are thine, thou never bareſt rule over them, they were not called by thy Name*, Iſa. 63. 19. *He hath not dealt ſo with any Nation, and as for his Judgments they have not known them*, Pſal. 147. 20.

And why then are we not ſatisfied with our Portion, but are ready to envy the enjoyments of the wicked? If *we* have Joys which *they* do not intermeddle with, why ſhould we deſire to intermeddle with *theirs*? Are not ours better, or would we *change* with them? Surely no: why then are we not abundantly contented with our Lot and Portion? If the Lord be our Portion, then ſurely we cannot but ſay, *The lines are fallen to us in pleaſant places, and we have a goodly heritage.* And how can we

we be ſad or troubled? Does the *Sun* of Righteouſneſs ſhine upon us, and can we hang down our Heads? Does our dear Redeemer *ſmile* upon us, and can we be ſorrowful in any condition? May he not ſay to us, as *Elkanah* did to *Hannah*, *Why is thy countenance ſad? Am not I better to thee than ten Sons*, than ten Friends? Could *Micah* ſay of his Idols, *Ye have taken away my gods, and what have I more? And do ye ask what aileth me?* And may not we better ſay, Ye *cannot* take away our God, but we have his comfortable preſence with us, and what can we have more, or how can we ail any thing? Could *Diogenes*, being ask'd by *Alexander*, (who it ſeems ſtood betwixt him and the Sun) what he would requeſt of him, and he ſhould have it,

it, could he anſwer, *Nunc quidem paululum à Sole abſis. At preſent only ſtand out of my Sunſhine?* Cicero. And can we deſire any thing more than the warming comfortable beams of the Sun of Righteouſneſs? And would it not better become us than it did him to refuſe and contemn all thoſe vain Pleaſures, Profits, and Honours, which would obſcure the light of God's Countenance, and hide his Face from us?

Oh Lord! Liſt but thou up the Light of thy Countenance upon me, and it will put joy and gladneſs into my Heart more than when Corn and Wine (and all other Comforts) increaſed.

MICAH

## MICAH II. 10.

*Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest.*

'TIS an amazing thing to consider the *perverseness* of men, that nothing can beat them off from expecting Rest and Happiness in *this World*, nor perswade them to seek it in a better. Tho' they have been told over and over of the Experiences of *all men*, in *all states* and *conditions*, and in *all Ages*, how they have been cross'd in all their pursuits after Happiness, and disappointed of all their hopes of finding *Rest* and Satisfaction in any thing here below; yet such is the *incredulity* of men, that

that they will not believe the Atteſtations of thoſe that have gone before them, but they muſt needs try *themſelves* before they will be convinced of a Truth ſo univerſally owned and acknowledged. And it were well if even *that* would ſatisfie them, but alas it will not; for tho' they have made the Experiment themſelves again and again in vain, and have met with nothing but croſſes and diſappointments all their days hitherto, yet will they not ſay, *There is no hope*, but will lay the fault on the *malice* of *Enemies*, or *unfaithfulneſs* of *Friends*, or their own *Imprudence*, or any thing but the *Vanity* of the things themſelves, which one would think ſo much dear-bought Experience might ſufficiently convince them are *uncapable* of

of affording them that Comfort and Satisfaction they expected from them. And this were ſtill more *excuſable* if they had never heard of a place where this Reſt is *certainly* to be found, nor had ever been ſhewn the *way* to obtain it. But even thoſe that know this, and pretend to believe that Heaven is a place of *perfect* Reſt and Happineſs, and ſeem to make it their buſineſs to walk in the way to it, and to endeavour to qualifie themſelves for the obtaining and enjoyment of it, yet even thoſe are unwilling to *ariſe and depart*, unwilling to be where they are *ſure* to be *perfectly* and *eternally* Happy.

BUT why (O my Soul) doſt thou thus accuſe others, as if thou wert clear in this matter, when alas!

alas! thou art equally involved in the ſame guilt with other men? Notwithſtanding thou haſt met with ſo large a Portion of *Afflictions*, which might have weaned thee from this World, and make thee deſirous of a better. But alas, how little of thoſe Effects have they produced in thee? How little haſt thou chang'd thy Opinion of thoſe earthly things? Sometimes indeed thou makeſt ſad *Complaints* of the *emptineſs* of Earthly Comforts, and of the *vanity* and *vexation* that attends all worldly enjoyments, but this is only in a *pet*, upon ſome great Croſs and Diſappointment, when the afflictive ſenſe of it is worn off a little, thou preſently returneſt to thy old courſe, and reneweſt thy vain purſuits after that which has always deluded thy expectations.

— Τί τὸν φευγόντα διώκεις; Theocr.

Why doſt thou ſtill follow that which always flies from thee? Nay, which is not in Nature.

*Credule, quid fruſtrâ ſimulachra fugacia captas?*
*Quod petis, eſt nuſquam.* Ovid. Met. 3.

Why then doſt thou not ariſe by a Contemplation of Peace, and Reſt, and Happineſs, which if rightly ſought will never deceive thee, will never *fruſtrate* thy expectations, but abundantly *ſatisfie* them and *exceed* them? Thou pretendeſt to ſeek a better *Country*, even an Heavenly, but how is it then that thou art ſo little concern'd and ſollicitous about it? that it has ſo little room in thy heart,

heart, ſo ſmall a ſhare in thy thoughts and deſires? And why then art thou for building Tabernacles here? Is a *ſtrange Land* ſo deſirable to thee? Are there ſuch Charms in a Foreign Savage Country, in a barren Wilderneſs affording nothing but Briars and Thorns, Serpents and Scorpions, as to make thee careleſs and undeſirous of the Heavenly *Canaan*, a Land flowing with better than Milk and Honey? A place of uninterrupted Peace and Reſt. Here thou haſt no *continuing City*, and while thou art here thou meeteſt with nothing but labour, and toil, and trouble, but

*Is locus urbi erit, requies ea certa laborum.* Virg.

Here thou art always perplexing thy ſelf with vain hopes and fears, and

and canſt not quietly enjoy thoſe little Comforts thou might ſometimes have, for thinking of what may come *hereafter*, but there

*No cares o'th' future their free thoughts employ,*
*The buſineſs of the place is to enjoy.* Tate.

Here thou art perpetually toſt on a reſtleſs *Sea* of trouble and diſquiet, but

*Illis parta quies: nullum maris æquor arandum;*
*Arva neque Auſoniæ, ſemper credentia retro*
*Quærenda.* Virg.

Thou pretendeſt to be Heir to a *Kingdom*, but how forgetful art thou of thine Inheritance? And what need haſt thou to be awakened with an

*---Heu regni rerumque oblite tuarum!* Virg.

Awake

Awake then, O my Soul, lie not groveling in the Duſt, but ariſe and flie away, at leaſt in thy thoughts and deſires, to thy Inheritance, thy Kingdom, thy Country, thy Reſting place. For as God never reſted till he had made Man, ſo Man will never find true Reſt till he come to enjoy God.

LORD, raiſe up my thoughts above this tempeſtuous and tumultuous World, and grant that all thoſe Croſſes, and Diſappointments, and Troubles, and Afflictions I meet with here, may at length ſufficiently wean me from this world, and make me weary of it, ſo that I may heartily deſire, *Oh that I had the wings of a Dove, then would I flie away and be at reſt.*

*FINIS.*

# DIVINE
# Breathings.

*Ut jugulent homines surgunt de nocte latrones,*
*Ut teipsum serves, non expergisceris?*
Hor.

*—Isque licet Cœli regione remotus,*
*Mente Diis adsit: & quæ natura negabat*
*Visibus humanis, oculis ea pectoris hausit.*
Ovid. Met. lib. 15.

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# DIVINE
# Breathings.

## *Immortality.*

I Find that an *Immortal* Soul cannot be satisfied with less than an *Eternal* Happiness. Tho' some degenerate Souls that are drowned in Pleasure and Sensuality can be contented to have their Portion in *this Life*, yet a serious and spiritually-minded Christian has other thoughts and desires, and cannot but be sollicitous

to ſecure a *Future Happineſs* that ſhall have a longer date. Suppoſe *Satan* ſhould come to him, as once to his Lord and Maſter, and ſhew him all the Kingdoms of the World, and the Glory of them, and ſhould tell him, All this will I give thee to enjoy as long as thou *liveſt*; he would anſwer, But what ſhall I have when this Life is *ended?* Tho' there were no *Hell*, yet could not I be ſatisfied if there were no *Heaven* neither. 'Tis not *worth the while* to live in this World if there were not an *Eternal* Life beyond it. I can take little pleaſure in the enjoyments of *this Life* if it were not for the hopes of a better *hereafter*.

Lord! as thou haſt made me *Immortal* like thy ſelf, ſo make me *Holy* like thy ſelf, and then thou wilt

wilt not only be my God and Guide unto *Death*, but my *Portion for ever.*

## *The Life of Faith.*

WHat kind of Life is it, O my Soul, that thou liveſt? A Life of *Faith*, or a Life of *Senſe*? Are the Comforts and Enjoyments of this Life pleaſing and delightful to thee *in themſelves*, and for their *own ſakes*, or rather as they are *Tokens* of the love of thy God, and *Earneſts* of greater and diviner Bleſſings hereafter? Canſt thou reſt in theſe as thy Happineſs and *Portion*? Then expect nothing hereafter but a *Memento receptiſti*, Remember thou haſt already received thy good things: Or ra-

ther does not the greateſt pleaſure and ſatisfaction in theſe enjoyments reſult from the *Comparing* them with thoſe Joys reſerv'd in Heaven for thee? When thou ſitteſt down at thy Table, is thy Meat only grateful to thy *Taſt?* Or rather art not *thou* filled with a ſenſe of God's Love and Bounty to thee, who has not only provided ſo plentifully for thy *Body* here, but will more ſweetly feaſt *Thee* hereafter, when thou ſhalt be called to the Marriage-Supper of the Lamb, and *eat bread in the Kingdom of God?* When thou lyeſt down in a ſoft and warm Bed, is it pleaſing to thee only becauſe it feels ſo to thy fleſh? Or rather becauſe thou thinkeſt the ſame Love which has given thee theſe Mercies, will ere long bring thee where

thou

thou ſhalt *ſtand in no need* of ſuch Refreſhments, where thou ſhalt not reſt day nor night from ſinging Praiſes unto thy God? And is not the *fore-thought* of this ſweeter than thy preſent *Enjoyments?* When thou goeſt to viſit a *Friend*, is it *their* Converſation and Society that is the moſt acceptable to thee? Or rather the converſing with *God by them*, and enjoying *his preſence* in them? Is their Love and Kindneſs in it ſelf grateful to thee? Or rather as it is an *Earneſt* and *Pledge* of the *Love of God* to thee? This is the way to *improve* all outward Bleſſings, and make them a thouſand times ſweeter to a true Chriſtian, than the very *ſame* Enjoyments are to others. Suppoſe two Young *Virgins*, one of them the *Prince* intends to Marry, the other

not: To the one he gives ſeveral thouſands of pounds, but only as a bare *Gift*, to be her *Portion*; to the other he gives only a *Ring or Jewel*, but ſays, Take this as a Pledge of my Love, and reſt aſſured that *all that I have and am is thine*. Thus does God deal with the Men of the *World*, and with his own *Children*: Or rather as *Abraham* with *Iſaac*, and his other Sons by *Keturah*; to the latter he only *gave Gifts*, and ſent them *away*, but to *Iſaac* he gave *all that he had*.

Lord *let me have a portion of the good things of this Life, but let me not have my Portion in this Life.*

*Sloth-*

*Slothfulneſs.*

WHY, O my Soul, art thou ſo careleſs, ſlothful, and negligent? Why is there ſuch a *diſproportion* between thy *Labour* and the *Reward* thou expecteſt? Doſt thou hope to win *Heaven* by *ſleeping*? Or to get Glory and Honour, Immortality and Eternal Life by doing nothing? Tho' the *beſt* of thy Services cannot *deſerve Heaven*, yet ſurely *Heaven* will *deſerve* the *beſt* of thy Services, the utmoſt of thy pains and diligence to obtain it. Tho' the moſt thou canſt do can *merit nothing* from *God*, yet ſurely he *deſerves more* from *thee* than he receives. O why wilt thou be negligent in

the Service of such a Master? Thou shalt not serve him for *nought*: No, he will give Grace and Glory, and *no good thing* will he withhold from them that walk uprightly, from them that serve him diligently. O therefore sit not here all the day idle, but fall to work in earnest, labour diligently, and doubt not of thy Reward.

Lord, quicken me according to thy word, and do thou work in me both to will and to do of thy good pleasure.

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## *True Riches.*

THE Diligent hand makes rich, says *Solomon*; and it is as true in *Spirituals* as in *Temporals*. How rich in Grace mightest thou

thou be, O my Soul, if thou would'ſt but *labour* for it? What a *Stock* mighteſt thou have lying by thee, to uſe and employ upon all occaſions? How rich mighteſt thou be in *Comfort!* What a Noble Table mighteſt thou keep, and daily *Feaſt* thy ſelf with plenty and variety of Spiritual Dainties! Oh what rich Mines and Treaſures migheſt thou find and poſſeſs if thou would'ſt but be at the pains to dig for them! Some Riches indeed are to be found in the very *Surface* of Religion, but what greater ſtore, and how much more precious are there *within?* Oh loſe nothing for want of Diligence. Thou canſt never be rob'd of this Treaſure. This *Coin* will be *Currant* in another World, and thou mayeſt carry it with thee into Eternity. Lord,

Lord, make me poor in Spirit, but rich in Grace here, and in Glory hereafter.

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## *Spiritual Manna.*

WHY wilt thou be almoſt famiſhed (O my Soul) for want of Spiritual Food, when there is ſo much precious *Manna* lies ſcattered round about thy *Tent*, of which thou mayſt have thy fill, if thou wilt but be at the pains to *gather* it. Seeſt thou not *Others* gathering it apace, and returning with their *Omers* full of it, and feeding heartily upon it to their unſpeakable Joy and Comfort? Oh how does it nouriſh and ſtrengthen them! How does it make them thrive and be fat and well-

well-liking! One may see it in their very *Countenances*. This is not such *light Food* as the World imagines. It makes them hearty and strong for the Service of God. It makes them run and not be weary, and walk and not be faint. No wonder thou art so faint and feeble, no wonder thou art so dull and listless, and hast no mind to thy Work; no wonder thou hast so little *strength* to fight the Lord's Battles when thou hast been so long *Fasting*. How much greater a Slaughter mightest thou have made of thy Spiritual Enemies, if thou hadst *eaten freely* of this *Honey?* What a greater *Progress* mightest thou have made in thy way to Heaven, and with how much chearfulness mightest thou have run the Race that is set before

before thee, if thou hadſt fed heartily of this *Angels Food! Ariſe* and *eat*, again and again, or elſe the *Journey* will be *too great* for thee. How canſt thou *work* if thou doſt not *eat?* Or how canſt thou expect to *eat* if thou doſt not *work?* Tho' this Bread be *rained from Heaven*, yet it will not *drop into thy mouth* of its own accord. In the ſweat of thy brows muſt thou earn (even this) thy Bread; but truſt in the Lord, in the uſe of means, and verily thou ſhalt be fed.

Lord make me to hunger and thirſt after Righteouſneſs, (and that will put me upon endeavours after it) and then I ſhall be filled.

*The*

### *The Beſt Portion.*

O My Soul! would'ſt thou be a real Chriſtian, and happy here as well as hereafter? Then chuſe *God* for thy only Portion in the Land of the living. Seek thy Felicity in *him* only, and let nothing in the World ſtand in competition with him. And don't deceive thy ſelf with *thinking* thou doſt ſo (in the general) whileſt earth and things below have ſo much of thy ſecret Love and Affection; but be ſure thou beeſt in *earneſt*, that when thou comeſt to be tryed (in any particular) it may evidently appear both to thy ſelf and others. There is no *dallying* in the caſe, nor hanging in *ſuſpence*

*ſuſpence* between Heaven and Earth: No, that will never do; but as *Elijah* ſaid to the People of *Iſrael*, *How long halt ye between two Opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if* Baal *be God, then follow him*: So, if *God*, and *Heaven*, and *Eternal Glory* be the chief Goods, ſeek them; but if thou thinkeſt the *World*, and the *Fleſh*, and its ſhort Pleaſures better, then ſeek them, and let the *other* go; but never flatter thy ſelf with the hopes of enjoying *both*, for aſſuredly thou wilt be miſtaken, and (if thou goeſt on) thy Error will be fatal and remedileſs. Therefore make a final determinate *Reſolution*, and let nothing draw thee from it.

And is it hard to determine in the caſe? When *Life* and *Death*, *God*

*God* and the *World*, *Heaven* and *Earth* are ſet before thee, is it hard to make thy Choice? Is Earth ſo lovely, and the Fleſh ſo charming, and their Delights and Pleaſures ſo *ſweet* and *grateful*, ſo *ſure* and *laſting* as to render them more eligible than *Heavenly Glories?* No, no, my Soul, thou knoweſt they are not. No alas! they are *vain* and *empty*, *fading* and *uncertain*, *tranſient* and *periſhing*, *fooliſh* and *ridiculous*, and all (and more than all) that thou canſt think of *vile* and *contemptible*. But now turn thine Eye to *God*, and thou wilt find him a rich and *ſatisfying Portion*; nothing canſt thou wiſh or deſire but thou wilt find it in *him*, nay, infinitely more than thou canſt deſire or conceive. He will be thy *joy* and *rejoycing* in *Proſperity*,

*rity*, thy *ſupport* and *comfort* in *Adverſity*. He will fill thee with Joy and Comfort even in the midſt of all outward Troubles and Afflictions. He will be a ſure *help* in time of *need*, and *ſtand by* thee when all the World *forſakes* thee. He will be a *ſuitable* ſupply to all thy wants and neceſſities *here*, and an *Everlaſting Portion* to thee hereafter.

And this thou canſt not doubt of, ſince thou haſt *experienced* much of it already. Nothwithſtanding thou haſt *loved* him ſo little, and *ſerved* him ſo poorly, and *provoked* him ſo highly, with thy *diſtruſt* of his Goodneſs, *repining* at his Dealings, and *ingratitude* for his Mercies: Notwithſtanding thou haſt ſo oft *forſaken* him the Fountain of Living Wa-

ter,

ter, and haſt digged to thy ſelf Ciſterns, which have proved *broken Ciſterns* that would hold no Water: (For thou haſt experienc'd enough of *Earth* too, to let thee ſee its *vanity*, and feel its *vexations*, and to convince thee that all things here below, even the *beſt* of earthly Comforts are flitting and *uncertain*, and not only *unſatisfying* but *tormenting*, and then ſurely very unfit to be choſen and reſted in as thy Felicity:) Notwithſtanding (I ſay) thou haſt ſo often run away from *God*, and ſought Reſt, and Happineſs, and Contentment in the *Creature*, he has only let thee alone a while to take thy choice, that thou mighteſt ſmart a little for thy folly; and then as ſoon as thou haſt returned to him, he has received thee, and

ſweetned

ſweetned all thy Troubles, and given thee ſtrength to bear them, and given thee deliverance out of them.

And now canſt thou think that when thou forſakeſt the World (in thy heart and affections) and chuſeſt him only for thy Portion, that he will deceive thee? No, no; ſuch a thought would be unworthy of him. He will rather, with the *Father* of the Prodigal, run to meet thee, and not ſuffer thee to *ſpeak* thy deſires before he will *ſatisfie* them. And doubt not but whatever thou leaveſt or loſeſt *for* him, thou wilt find it abundantly ſupplyed *in* and *by* him. And one thing more take along with thee for thy Comfort, He is a Portion that can never be *loſt* or *taken* from thee. *Friends* may take them-

themſelves away from thee, and become *Strangers* if not *Enemies*; and Enemies may take away moſt of thy outward Comforts; (tho' neither of theſe without his permiſſion) but neither *Friends* nor *Enemies*, neither *Men* nor *Devils* can take away thy *God*. Nay, even *Death* it ſelf, which will deprive thee of all other things, cannot rob thee of this Treaſure, but on the contrary will bring thee to a full poſſeſſion and enjoyment of it.

Lord! be thou my Portion in the Land of the Living, and let me not only *chuſe thee*, but make it appear (it will thereby appear) that thou haſt *choſen me*. I am too apt to expect more Happineſs and Contentment from *Creatures* than they are ever able to afford me; but from *thee* I can never expect the thouſandth

ſandth part of what I ſhall be ſure to find. I am too apt to fancy and imagine *greater Excellencies* in the *Creatures* than are really in them, but *thy Excellencies* and *Perfections* are far beyond my higheſt *Conceptions*, and ſuch as I ſhall never be able fully to *comprehend*. Yet be thou pleaſed to manifeſt thy ſelf to me as thou uſeſt to do to thoſe that love thee, and I ſhall ſoon comprehend ſo much of thee (and the richneſs of my Portion in thee) as to make me ſing with the *Pſalmiſt*, *The lines are fallen to me in pleaſant places, and I have a goodly Heritage.*

*FINIS.*

# OCCASIONAL
# Reflections.

Βέλτιστοι γινόμεθα πρὸς τὸς Θεὸς βαδίζοντες. Pythag.

*Memento te Immortalem esse.*

*LONDON:*
Printed for *John Lawrence*, at the *Angel* in the *Poultrey*; And *Joseph Wats*, at the *Angel* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1691.

# OCCASIONAL
# Reflections.

# OCCASIONAL Reflections.

## *At my first Waking in the Morning.*

NOW, O my Soul, mount up like the generous Lark, and ſing Praiſes unto thy God. It is but fit that he ſhould have the *Firſt-fruits* of thy *Thoughts* (this day and every day) from whom thou haſt the *power* to *think*. Oh let not Sin or Vanity deflower and raviſh thy

*Virgin*-thoughts; doſt thou think the *polluted remainders* will be acceptable to thy injur'd Lord and Husband? And is it not as *eaſie* to caſt the firſt glance of thy waking thoughts upon *God* as upon the *World?* One would think thou ſhould'ſt *grudge* ſo long a *ſleeping*-time, which has kept thee ſo long from thy Beloved; and as ſoon as ever thou awakeſt thou ſhould'ſt ſeek him whom thy Soul loveth. And yet how often has he ſtood at the Door knocking, *till his head was filled with the dew, and his locks with the drops of the night*, Cant. 5. 2. and thou haſt *refuſed* to riſe and open to him; nay, worſe than ſo, when thou haſt riſen and opened, thou haſt let in *Sin*, and ſhut out thy Saviour! Thou haſt let in thy *Enemy* and ſhut out thy *Friend!*

*Friend!* Is *this* thy kindneſs to thy Friend? Is *this* Love? Is *this* the *return* thou makeſt for all which he has *done* and *ſuffered* for thee? For all his Patience and Long-ſuffering towards thee? Has he only deſerved *this* at thy hands? Oh! bluſh and be aſhamed of thy *Ingratitude* and *Folly!* that thou ſhouldeſt be ſo fooliſh and unwiſe, as thus to requite thy Lord! And let his goodneſs and long-ſuffering lead thee to Repentance. O beg of him that he would *put his hand in by the hole of the door*, that *thy bowels might be moved for him:* and that thou mayſt *ariſe and open to him before he* (being grieved with thy unkindneſs) *has withdrawn himſelf*, Cant. 5. 4. And O long after ſuch a frame of Spirit as that of *David*, when he ſaid,

*How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God! When I awake I am ſtill with thee,* Pſal. 139. 17, 18.

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*Upon the Enjoyment of the Company of a Friend, for two or three hours, which was too pleaſing and delightful to me.*

BLUSH and be aſhamed, O my Soul, that thou ſhould'ſt be ſo much pleaſed and delighted with any thing here below, tho' never ſo ſweet and grateful. Has God ſent thee ſuch a Friend to be a Companion for thee, and to help, and direct, and comfort thee in thy paſſage to the Heavenly *Canaan*, and wilt thou beſtow that *Love* and *Complacency* upon him, which thou oweſt only to thy *God?*

*God?* Canst thou be so much pleased with thy *Inn*, and with the Entertainments thou meetest with in the *way*, as almost to forget the *Home* thou art Travelling to? We use to say, *Home's home, tho' it be never so homely*: What thinkest thou then will *that* Home be? That *house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens!* that *Mansion prepared for thee!* that *Immortal Inheritance!* that *Kingdom of Glory!* And wilt thou prize and value any thing here below before and above the *hopes* (which thou pretendest to have) of such a Kingdom? O consider whether thy *Practice* agrees with thy *Pretences* or not, whilest thy Heart is so taken up with these Earthly Enjoyments. Is *this* to act like one whose *Conversation is in Hea-*

*ven?* Is *this* a ſign thy *Affections* are ſet on things *above?* Is *this* carriage becoming one whoſe *fellowſhip* is (or ought to be) with the *Father*, and with his *Son Jeſus Chriſt?* Surely no. O then be aſhamed of this thy Folly; and whenever thou art again tempted to over-value Earthly Enjoyments, ſay, *Ariſe and depart, for this is not thy Reſt*, Micah 2.10. Tho' this place be pleaſant, yet ſtill this is not *Heaven:* tho' theſe Enjoyments be ſweet, yet ſtill they come far ſhort of *an exceeding weight of Glory:* tho' the Society of ſuch a Friend be very delightful, yet ſtill *to be with Chriſt is far better.*

BUT Ah Lord! how little has my carriage and behaviour towards

towards thee, how little has it been like One that does *really believe* all this! How often when I have come into thy Preſence (in Prayer or Meditation) how often have I been *tir'd* and *weary* of *thy* Company in *half* the time which I have ſpent in the Company of this Friend with ſo much delight and ſatisfaction? Oh do thou raiſe my Affections from this Earth, and bring me into a nearer Communion with *Thee*, and then ſurely I ſhould not delight ſo much in the *Creature*. Tho' my Heart and Affections be *naturally* bent upon theſe inferiour Objects, yet Oh ſhew forth thy *Almighty Power* in raiſing them. As he ſaid, *Lord, if thou wilt, thou canſt make me clean*. Matth. 8. 2. So I may ſay, *Lord, if thou wilt, thou canſt make*

*me Heavenly.* Oh let me find and feel by *Experience* the *truth* of this upon my Soul! And do thou enable me for the future to walk as becomes the Gospel of *Jesus Christ*, so that tho' for a while my *dwelling* and *abode* be upon *Earth*, yet my *Conversation* may be in *Heaven.*

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### *Upon Winding up a Watch.*

I HAVE observed, that tho' I am forgetful enough of other things, yet I never (or very seldom) forget to wind up my Watch. And I have oft wonder'd at it, that tho' I be never so intent upon other things, yet as sure as I rise in the Morning, and go to bed at Night, so sure I am to remember this. BUT

BUT alas, how negligent am I in the mean time of my *Spiritual Watch!* How little careful am I to keep it *going* continually? How often do I let it *fall* and *stand still*, and when it does go, how faint and slow are its Motions? When I am alone in my Study, or awake in my Bed, I can hear my Watch go apace, but alas, in the mean time how faint and languid are the motions of my Soul *Heaven ward?* Surely if I was but as careful every Morning to wind up my *Affections* Heavenward, by the earnest and lively Exercise of *Faith* and *Love*, *Desire* and *Hope*, *Joy* and *Thankfulness*: O how vigorously would the Pulse of my Soul beat all the day after! What Heavenly *Breathings*, and

pious *Ejaculations* would continually be breaking forth? And tho' when I am amongſt the *croud* and *noiſe* of the World, and the vain Concernments of it, I cannot ſo well perceive whether this my Spiritual Watch go or not; yet no ſooner am I out of that hurry, and retir'd alone, but then I might eaſily diſcern it again. O that my Soul were always in ſuch a frame! Oh that the continual *bent* of my Soul was towards *God* and *Heaven*, and that it was *pain* and *grief* to me to think of any thing elſe! But alas! what a great deal of pains muſt I be at to wind up this dull and earthly Heart of mine, and then how quickly is it down again!

O LORD!

O LORD! do thou set the Wheels of my Soul a going, and make me like the Chariots of *Aminadib.* Put Life into me, that I may move more constantly and vigorously towards *thee,* and strike off the Wheels when I am running to *Sin* and *Vanity.*

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*A Continuation.*

HOW many more Instructions might this Watch afford me? When I wind it up in the *Morning* I may think, My Watch has kept going all this Night (as I see by the Motion of the Hand) but I have been in a *sottish, senseless sleep,* and wholly unserviceable either to God or Man.

Man. And therefore what reason have I to spend this day (and every day) to the utmost of my power for the Glory of God, and the good of my own and others Souls? When I look at it again at *Night*, may it not suggest to me such thoughts as these? Here are now so many hours past away since I look'd at it last, which can never be *recalled*; but what have I done for God or my Soul all this time? These hours were not given me to please my *Flesh* in, or to serve my *Self* in, but to serve *God* in; and how little of his Work have I done? I must be accountable for every moment of this time, neither must I think to escape with the bare *losing my Reward*, but shall be also *punished* for my *Idleness*. But if my Conscience acquit

acquit me that I have made it my business to spend this day to God's Glory, then may I with Joy and Comfort think, Here is *one day more* of my weary Pilgrimage past over, which will never come again, and I am got so much nearer my Journey's end.

LORD teach me so to number my days, that I may apply my heart to true Wisdom. Oh make me so wise, as to *Live to day*, so as I may with comfort *Die to morrow*; and help me to wait all the days of my appointed time, till my Change come.

*Upon*

## *Upon my Indisposedness to write to a Friend.*

HOW seldom is it that I can get into a Humour of Writing; and if not, how dull and lifelesly do I perform it? And what a sad thing it is, that the Service of God, and the Improvement of my own and my Friends Graces must depend and wait upon my *Humour!* Is the *Love* of *God*, the *Joys* of *Heaven*, the *Vanity* of the *World*, the *worth* of *Souls*, the *preciousness* of *Grace*, the *sinfulness* of *Sin*, the *Sufferings* of *Christ*, the *Priviledges* of the *Saints*, (with many more) are all these such dry and barren Subjects, that I can find nothing to say

ſay of them? Is it not rather a ſign that I am too little converſant with them?

CAN I be ſenſible of the *Love* of *God* in *Chriſt* to *me*, and not break forth into paſſionate returns of *Love* and *Praiſe* to *him?* Can I think of the *Joys* of *Heaven*, and by Faith look on them as reſerved for *me*, and can I be ſilent? Can I ſee and experience the *Vanity* of the *World*, and not perſwade every one I converſe with to make ſure for a *better?* Can I ſeriouſly think of the *worth* of *Souls*, and yet take no more pains to ſave them from eternal Ruin? Can I ſee and know the *preciouſneſs* of Grace, and yet not ſtrive to cheriſh and increaſe it where I find it, and do my utmoſt to perſwade others to get it?

Can

Can I ſee the *ſinfulneſs* of *Sin*, and not declaim againſt it? Can I be affected with the *Sufferings* of my dear *Redeemer*, and yet not let one paſſionate Exclamation drop from my Lips or Pen? And yet not forſake thoſe Sins that Crucifie him afreſh? Can I know and underſtand the *Priviledges* of the *Saints*, and believe that they belong to me, and not rejoyce in them, and ſhew them unto others? Would not my ſilence rather perſwade others that I am a *Stranger* to moſt of theſe things? O how far do I come ſhort of living up to the Profeſſion I make! How little force has the Love of Chriſt upon me to conſtrain me? Surely if I did but conſider and *muſe* upon theſe things, the *fire would burn*, and I could not but ſpeak the things

things which I have seen, and heard, and experienced.

LORD! take away this dulness and indisposition of Spirit, and let me feel the Motions of thy Holy Spirit exciting me to diligence in the work of the Lord, and help me to hearken to them and obey them; that I may make it my *business* to promote thy Glory, and the good of my own and others Souls; that I may be always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that my Labour shall not be in vain.

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*Upon the singing of Larks.*

THIS Morning I took a walk into the Fields, and amongst

amongſt other delightful Objects, I was very much pleaſed with the *ſinging* of the *Birds*, and eſpecially the *Larks*, which I obſerv'd to mount and aſcend towards Heaven, and unweariedly and chearfully to ſing the Praiſes of their great Creator.

IT preſently came into my thoughts, that this was a very fit Emblem of a *Chriſtian's Life*, whoſe Converſation is in Heaven, and whoſe Affections are ſet on things above, and whoſe daily Buſineſs it is to ſhew forth the Praiſes of him who has called him out of darkneſs into his marvellous light. Tho' others, like the Beaſts of the Field, have their eyes and thoughts always poring upon Earth and earthly things, and are conſtantly either

either feeding upon *preſent* ſenſual enjoyments, or ruminating on the *paſt*, (or fore-caſting for the *future*, and making proviſion for the Fleſh to fulfil the Luſts thereof;) yet a Chriſtian is of a far more noble and generous temper: he is daily aſcending *upwards* in his thoughts and affections, and lives like one that is an Inhabitant of a *purer Region*; from thence he can look down with a *pious ſcorn* and *contempt* upon the ſordid and feculent Pleaſures of the degenerate World; there he approaches nigh unto his God, and can humbly converſe with his Maker; his *Work* and *Employment* is praiſing of God, and maintaining Communion with him, and it is not more neceſſary than delightful. His very *Buſineſs* is his greateſt

*Happi-*

*Happineſs*, and when he is exerciſed in *that*, he is in his *Element*.

LORD help me always to walk like thoſe who are redeemed from a vain converſation, and aſſiſt me in the performance of that bleſſed Work which I hope to be employed in to all Eternity, and haſten the time when I ſhall do nothing elſe.

---

*FINIS.*

# SACRED POEMS.

*Videnti Deum omnis Creatura eſt Anguſta.*

*LONDON:*
Printed for *John Lawrence*, at the *Angel* in the *Poultrey*; And *Joſeph Wats*, at the *Angel* in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1691.

# SACRED POEMS.

## *The Love-sick Spouse.*

COME, dear *Lord*, and do not stay:
Fetch thy Longing Spouse away.

I.

Think on what I suffer here,
Whilst thy *Absence* I must bear.

How

How I languish, how I faint!
Whilst I do thy Presence want.
O at length return and come,
And in *pity* fetch me home.

Come, dear Lord! and do not
stay;
Oh I cannot brook delay.

II.

Oh how sweet thy *Visits* are!
Nothing may with them compare:
But how *quickly* art thou gone?
Leaving me in tears alone,
In a darksome tedious *Night*,
Longing for the Morning-light.

Come, dear Lord! and do not
stay;
Bring me to Eternal Day.

III. Oh

III.

Oh be pleas'd to set me free
From my oft *offending* thee.
Bring me where I shall resign
Perfectly my *will* to thine:
That I cannot now, does grieve me,
O in mercy, Lord, relieve me.

Come, dear *Lord!* and do not
stay;
Bring me where I shall obey.

IV.

Free me from this *Flesh*, which
here
I about me alwa[illegible] bear;
Which in absence would perswade
me
To forget the God that made me:

Which does *tempt* me unto ill,
And is oft *prevailing* ſtill.

Come, dear *Lord!* and do not
ſtay;
Doſt thou *Love* me, and delay?

V.

Yes, I'm ſure, I'm ſure thou doſt,
Thou haſt *ſhewn* it to thy *coſt*;
I have *taſted* of it too,
More than many others do,
Oh increaſe my Love to thee,
Who ſo tender art to me.

Come, dear *Lord!* and do not
ſtay;
My Beloved, come away.

VI. Come

VI.

Come *Lord!* for my treach'rous heart
Whilst so long thou absent art,
Does to thee *disloyal* prove,
And lets *others* have its Love.
Let that happy time hast on,
When I shall be *Thine alone.*

Come, dear *Lord!* and do not stay;
Fetch thy longing Spouse away.

---

*The Pilgrimage.*

I.

IN vain we seek for *Rest* below,
Where 'tis not to be found;

Reſt is a Plant that will not grow
In any earthly ground.

II.

We're here engaged in a *Race*,
A Race that muſt be run;
Then look not for a *Reſting-place*,
Until our Race be done.

III.

Some ſhort refreſhing baits we may
Expect to find below;
Such as may help us on our way
More chearfully to go.

IV.

Such are the *Glympſes* of his Face,
And thoſe indearing *Smiles*,
Which oft do quicken our dull pace,
And ſweeten all our toils.

V.

V.

But our Eternal Reſt's above,
Beyond the ſtarry Sky,
In th' Arms of our dear *Saviour's*
Love,
And Everlaſting Joy.

---

*Emptineſs in the Creature, Fulneſs in God.*

COME now my Soul, retire
unto thy *God*,
There thou maiſt find the ſweeteſt
beſt abode:
The hungry Soul may go to him
and find
Full ſatisfaction for his craving
mind.

Whil'ſt all the *Vanities* and *Follies* here,
To ſuch a Soul *taſtleſs* and *empty* are.
There's nothing in them that can ever fill
A Chriſtian's Soul, but leaves it craving ſtill.
He knows not how to *reliſh* ſuch like Food,
Which oft does *hurt*, but never can do *good*.
But being wearied with thoſe Vanities,
Straitway in ſecret to his *God* he flies:
And when he's fill'd with ſweet refreſhing chear,
He cries, 'Tis good that I continue here.

'Tis

'Tis good indeed! O did the World
but know
The Comforts which into his mind
do flow
At such a time, they quickly would
*despise*
Their vain delights, and long for
*Heav'nly Joys.*

---

*The Unprofitable Servant.*

'TWAS on the day which
God does call his own,
When I retir'd to meditate alone:
A Book I read, by which my
thoughts were driven
To serious views of the great Joys
of *Heaven.*
But ah! so great my *vileness* did
appear,
As told me I deserv'd not to come
*there.*

The Holiest Saints are so *imperfect* here,
And *sinful* too, thereby desert may fear
Instead of *Bliß*, to meet approaching doom;
And Oh how *short* (far *shorn*) of them I come!
How *many Sins* have spread their guilt on me!
How *few* my *Graces!* and how *weak* they be!
How *cold* my *Duties!* and how *poorly* done!
How much of *Sin* polluteth ev'ry one!
And can I think to *such* there will be giv'n,
*Such* sinful Service, a Reward in Heav'n?
*Pardon* a sinner, and *reward* him too!
Yet Oh what cannot *Love* and *Mercy* do?

Oh

Oh what indeed! for as I cast mine eye
Upon my Book again, I there did ſpie
This undeſerv'd, this gracious *Elogie.*

*Well done! thou good and faithful Servant, come*
*Enter into thy Maſter's Joy, to whom*
*Thy faithfulneſs in little has been ſuch,*
*That I will make thee Ruler over much.*

But Oh! the' indulgent Bounty that did ſhine
Into my Soul thro' ev'ry gracious Line!
Eſpecially when I believ'd that He
Will one day ſpeak thoſe bleſſed words to *me.*
Ah Lord! ſaid I, (and ſighing out the reſt,
*Love, Joy,* and *Shame,* and *Wonder* fill'd my breaſt.)

Ah Lord! said I, can ought that's done by *me*
E're be accepted and approv'd by *Thee?*
'Tis clear, thy Bounty from thy *Love* begins,
In passing by such *multitudes of sins.*
Those Services which I my self do know
Are weak and sinful, *Thou'lt* not call them so.
When to my *utmost* I my work fulfil,
I'm an *Unprofitable Servant* still.
And even *that* if it performed be
Better than other, yet no thanks to me.
'Tis not by *me* done, but that *Grace* of *thine*
Which in me dwells; yet the *Reward* is *mine.*

There-

Therefore be pleas'd my drouſie
Soul to raiſe,
*Mine* be the Work, and *Thine* be
all the Praiſe.

---

## *The Invitation.*

I.

LORD, let thy Holy Spirit
come,
And *lodge* within my breaſt,
I find there is a *little* room
Would be by Thee poſſeſt.
Come in, and turn but out of
door
The *Sin* that dwells there, and
there will be *more.*

II.

II.

But ah! my sin-polluted Breast
Is surely far unfit
For such a *pure* and *holy* Guest
To come and lodge in it.
Yet *therefore* come, that it may be
*Cleansed* from Sin, and *sanctified* to Thee.

III.

Like the *Augæan* Stable now
Is my defiled heart,
Oh let a *Stream* of *Blood* run through
And cleanse't in ev'ry part.
That Blood will make the sins that show
As *red* as *it*, become as *white* as *Snow*.

IV.

IV.

My Breaſt's thy *Temple*, come and dwell,
O Gracious God, therein;
Thy *Preſence* quickly will expel
And *drive out* ev'ry ſin.
Do ſo; for it my Spirit grieves
To ſee thy *Houſe* thus made a *Den of Thieves.*

V.

Come Lord, I'll open wide the door,
That Thou may'ſt enter in;
Which againſt thee was ſhut before
By Vanity and Sin.
And they, when Thou approach'dſt the Lock,
Made ſuch a *noiſe* I could not hear
Thee *knock.*

VI.

## VI.

Though Thou hast often come *in vain*,
Yet do not now forbear,
But come at least *this once* again,
When I thy Voice will *hear*.
Cam'st Thou so oft *unask'd* before,
And now I *woo* Thee wilt Thou come no more?

## VII.

Yes, come, and be not so unkind,
But come and *Sup* with me;
Yet *Entertainment* Thou wilt find
None but what *comes with Thee*.
Thou must not only be the *Guest*,
But to my Soul *Thy Self* supply the *Feast*.

*The*

## *The Welcome.*

I.

WElcome, Dear Lord! Thou know'ſt thou art
As welcome unto me,
As to a Longing Virgin's heart
Her coming Spouſe can be;
When like to be *allur'd* or *forc'd*
From him from whom ſhe'd dye
e're be divorc'd.

II.

Go, get ye hence! ye *Sins* that have
So oft debarr'd my Love,
Him I with open Arms receive,
And now will *conſtant* prove.

Ye

Ye oft excluded him before,
But (by his Grace) ye ne'r shall
do it more.

III.

Dear Lord! How *quickly* didst thou
come
When I lift up my voice;
Welcome, thrice welcome, thou in
whom
My Soul shall still rejoyce.
My crying makes it now appear
*Before* I call'd, Thou (tho' unseen)
wast *near*.

IV.

Come, now be pleas'd to Sup with
me,
Sit down, dear Guest! and eat;
Thou need'st not fear but *welcome* be
To what's thine *own*: but yet
Impro-

Improperly I call Thee *Guest*,
Since *I* am so, and *Thou* my only
*Feast*.

---

*The Glympse.*

HOW transient, Lord, thy
Glorious *Visits* be
To those on this side of Eternity!
They are but *Glymses*, do not long
remain,
But while we say, *What's this?*
are gone again.
When *Moses* pray'd thy Glory thou
would'st shew,
Thou but thy *Back-parts* didst ex-
pose to view.
Thou mad'st him in the clift o'th'
Rock to stand,
And hid him with the hollow of
thy hand;

Thou

Thou put a Skreen before his long-
ing eye,
Till thy approaching Glory *paſſed*
*by.*

He only ſaw thee *going*, ſaw thee
*fled*,
Soon as his Eyes were well unco-
vered.
So tranſiently thou doſt to us ap-
pear,
Till thou art *gone* we know not
thou waſt *here*.
Thy glorious Preſence we not long
retain,
Thou only com'ſt *to bid Farewel*
again.
Yet theſe ſhort Viſits make us
hope that we
Shall in thy ſight live to Eternity.
This glorious *Sun* to its *Meridian*
gets,
*Clouded* to us, unſeen till when it
*ſets*. Yet,

Yet, tho' its *Light* be quickly gone, we find
Its *Heat* and *Influence* ſtill remains behind.
As when ſome glorious *Viſion* of the Night
Silently glides before the cloſed Sight
Of one 'twixt ſleep and waking, ſcarce his eyes
Begin to *open*, when the Viſion *flies*.
So thou unſeen doſt to our Souls draw nigh,
Which are *aſleep* while thou art paſſing by;
But when this glorious Light begins to ſhake
Our *Slumbers* off, e're we are well *awake*,

The

The Vision's *fled*, and we with *Jacob* cry
*Sure, tho' we knew it not, the Lord was nigh.*
And then with speed, like him, a *Pillar* raise,
And Offer up a Sacrifice of Praise.
Yet, tho' these Glympses be but *short*, we know
We must expect no fuller *Views* below.
Could *Moses*, thy familiar *Friend*, not see
Thy blessed *Face*, then how alas should we?
While w'are in *flesh*, our frailty cannot bear
A *steady view* of Heav'nly splendour near.
Should'st thou display thy Glory, we should find,
Like *Paul*, that *Lustre* would but strike us *blind*.

Come

Come then but *often*, tho' thou
soon depart'ſt,
'Twill be ſufficient to enflame our
hearts;
For we the truth o'th' Obſervation
prove,
That not *fixt Views*, but *Glances*
kindle Love.
Yet thou in *Heaven fully* wilt im-
part
Thy Self, and we ſhall ſee thee *as*
*thou art*.
In *Heaven* all thy Glory will be
ſhown,
And we ſhall know thee, even *as*
*we are known*:
But what this *Knowledge*, what this
*Sight* ſhould be,
We can't know *here*, but fain would
go to *ſee*.

*Praiſe.*

## *Praise.*

I.

THY daily gracious dealings, Lord,
Do ev'n astonish me,
Each hour fresh Wonders does afford
Of thy Benignity.
No sooner Troubles do arise,
But thou dost them controul;
And with Divine and Heav'nly Joys
Sweetly refresh my Soul.

II.

II.

I ſee it is not all my ſin,
Tho' ne'r ſo great it be,
That can with-hold this Love of thine
From poor unworthy me.
O may my Life ſhew forth thy Praiſe,
And thy Commands fulfil;
And may thy Goodneſs all my days
Wait and attend me ſtill.

---

*FINIS.*